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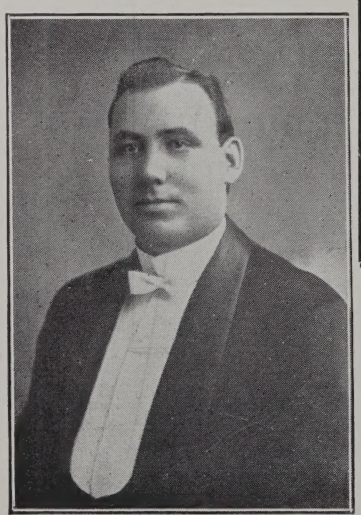
Mr. Von K. (telling a story to the German class)—"You will remember from the Bible——' Then he stopped and burst out laughing.

J. Kelsey—"A chained dog was running down the street."



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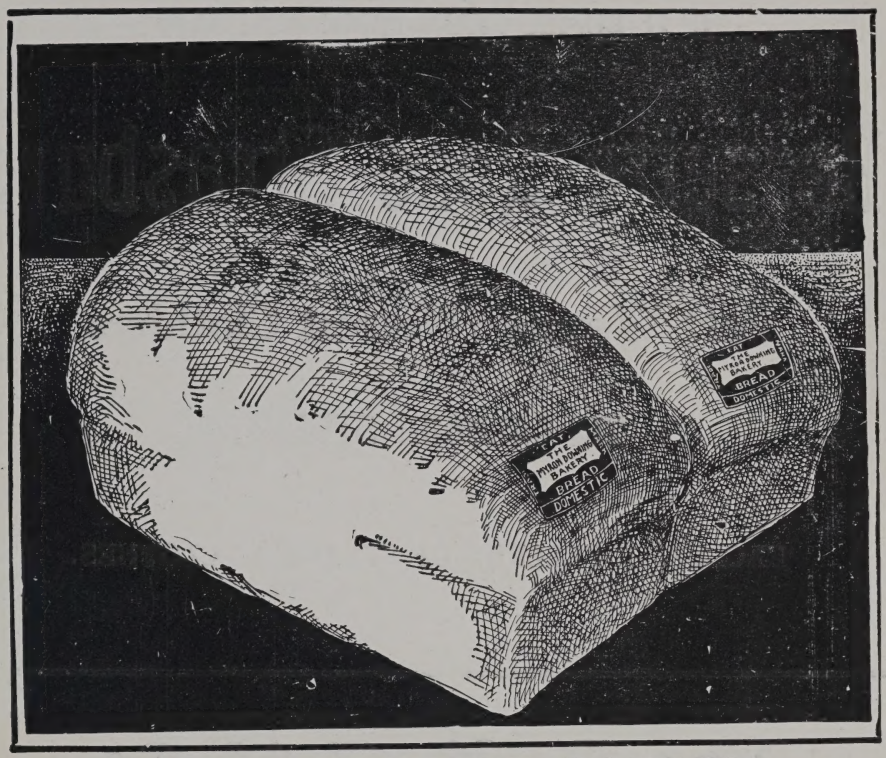

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GOLDEN, THE HATTER.

Teacher (after calling on a pupil and waiting for him to recite)—"It seems to me you ought to tell the answer with all the prompting you are getting back there."

Pupil—"Well, you see, there is such a difference of opinion around me that I scarcely know which——!"

Miss Sperry—"Who was Achilles?"

Catharine Vesey—"Wasn't he the one whose mother held him by the heel and dipped him in?"

Rosie (trying to make a hit)—"Will you magnanimously grant me the inestimable estacy of escorting you to your celestial habitation?"

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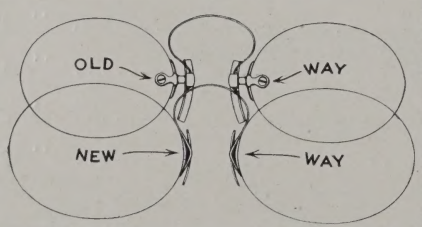

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Matthews, '11

The accident had been, of itself, only a trivial affair. Nancy Arnold, in attempting to step from the boat to the pier, had missed her footing, and instantly Dick Matthews, watching the boat, had plunged in after her, so quickly that the two splashes occurred almost at the same instant. Nancy was not a champion swimmer at any time, and, terrified by the suddenness of her fall, was having a hard struggle when Dick seized her, and began making long, even pulls for the dock. Just as the crowd of interested spectators on the pier had lifted Nancy, soaked and breathless, from his arms, Dick's head had struck with a resounding thud on an iron bar projecting from the pier, and had sunk back, to be rescued instantly from the dark waters, unconscious.

The accident, of itself, had not been especially remarkable. It was the result of Nancy's misstep which had driven the gallant defenders of the Crimson to despair. For Dick Matthews was the captain and quarterback of the football team, and the decisive game of the season with the rival college was to be played in six days.

When Matthews regained consciousness, shortly afterward, he had failed to recognize the boys, anxiously bending over him, and although he steadily improved, physically, in the next few days, his mind was still clouded. Some internal injury could be the only reason for this, the physicians decided, caused, doubtless, by the wound on his head where the iron bar had struck. Further examination confirmed their decision—it was a tiny clot of blood which clogged his brain and hindered it from working.

An operation would do no good, they averred, for it would be so delicate as to surely prove fatal. A shock or some excitement might restore his mental faculties, at any time, whenever his brain should be roused from the slumber into which it had fallen, for they were all agreed that he could not remain for long in his present condition.

This was the only consolation of the team and their supporters, and of Nancy, the unhappy cause of it all. It was all her fault, she told herself, miserably, and poor Dick had confided to her all his hopes for the team in its last year under his leadership.

He had been on the team ever since his Freshman year, and never yet had he helped to conquer the rival school. The first year he had broken his ankle the day before the game, and had been forced to watch the team go on to victory without him, and the last two years the other school had been the victor. But now at last, he had told her, he would help lead the team to victory—of that there was scarcely any doubt. It was a good team this year, not especially brilliant, but steady and reliant, and confident that, with Dick in the line-up, they could retrieve the prestige of the school. But without him they could do nothing. They had no other quarterback worthy of the name, and Dick had been, besides, their captain. He had urged them on, encouraged them when they were downhearted, strengthened them when they were weary or listless; had been, in fact, the life and impetus of the team.

And now he sat at the window of the room they had given him in the school hospital, all day long, with the vacant, senseless look which so grieved his chums. It was his physical strength,

however, that was hardest for them to bear, for he had completely recovered his health, and seemed the stronger for his enforced rest. Much good that strength would do the Crimson in the fast-approaching contest!

* * * * * * * * *

The day of the game dawned clear and crisp—the ideal kind of day for Christmas or a deciding football game; yet the holiday spirit which should have been in the atmosphere was lacking. It seemed that a pall had settled down on the school. The football team to a man refused to talk or to show even common politeness to well-wishing schoolfellows. It seemed that they could endure no more.

The grandstand was packed with joyous, excited spectators that afternoon, who rose as one man, waving banners of the rival schools with wild cheers, as the two teams trotted out to the gridiron. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, Tom Hammond, who was leading the cheers of the boys of the school, started the different school songs and cheers. The two factions vied with each other in the noise, until the short time allowed for practice was over.

The fate of the Crimson appeared certain from the start—all the vim and force which had won them their clean record for the season had disappeared. Slowly but steadily the visitors crowded them to their goal—and then, almost before they knew what was happening, the other team had pulled off a new play and scored! Wild cheers rang out from the rival school's supporters, and Tom tried in vain to rally the boys to cheers that should outdo them. The attempts made were half-hearted, and gradually died out.

But ten minutes of the first half remained when Nancy Arnold ran up to Tom, her face shining with eagerness.

"Oh, Tom," she began abruptly, "you remember the doctors said some excitement might cure Dick." She paused uncertainly, then went on again, eagerly: "Start the old Matthews yell; make the boys just shout it. Dick will hear it if they can make it loud enough, and it might succeed where everything else has failed."

Tom took it up instantly.

"Anyway, there is a chance," he declared, "and it may help the team, if it doesn't reach him." Then he told the fellows what Nancy had suggested.

Suddenly, to the amazement of the grandstand, the school cheers and yells for different members of the team ceased on the Crimson side, and there rose up in the air, strongly, with the force the other cheers had lacked, the old Matthews yell:

"We have in our team a fellow
Who has not a streak of yellow—"

Dick was sitting in the window, gazing listlessly out, when he heard the words. They sounded vaguely familiar, some way. He tried to remember where he had heard them before. Then the closing words were carried over to him:

"Matthews, Matthews,
Eleven! Rah! Rah!"

Something seemed to snap in his brain and everything began to grow suddenly clear. But what was he, captain of the team, doing in this room, when the rest of the school was in the grandstand, cheering for him?

He dashed down the stairs before the frightened nurse could stop him, over the campus, toward the gridiron, and then, gradually, it all came back to him.

How long had it been since the accident, he wondered, and what were the boys doing in the grandstand? Suddenly he knew. It must be the day of the great game—his game. He could hear the boys singing:

"Crimson is the color that we wear,
Crimson are the banners that we bear,

Crimson is the color of the school by
which we swear——"

Matthews dashed into the deserted gym.

"Quick, James," he shouted to the attendant who stood outside, "I've got to get into the game right away!"

Jennings, the substitute quarter, and Dick's chum, had collapsed when he heard the old yell. As the disheartened boys brought him in, Dick, ready for the game, appeared before them.

"Well, fellows," he greeted them; "you didn't think I'd go back on the old team, did you?"

* * * * * * * * *

It was a hard struggle, but it ended in a brilliant victory for the Crimson. Dick's advent had turned the tide, and the team, confident and assured once more, scored three times against the other school.

At the close of the game, Matthews saw one face in the crowd of madly cheering supporters of the Crimson, toward which he speedily made his way.

"Oh, Dick," Nan exclaimed, tearfully, as he seized her hands. "To think how close I came to costing you the game!"

Dick lowered his voice cautiously.

"Nan, he declared, earnestly, "You are worth—you are worth all the football games that were ever played."

ARHUR, '13.

A VISION.

I sat and gazed into the fire—
Into the burning flames;
I saw a vision, oh, so fair,
As I gazed into the flames.

The face was round, and, oh, so fair,
With dimples in each cheek;
The face looked proud and haughty,
Then, again, extremely meek.

I gazed and gazed, and tried to see
Of whom that face reminded me;
Then, like a flash, I recollected
It was the face of Margurite.

Ah, yes, it was the same sweet face,
The same wealth of golden hair,
The same eyes of violet blue—
My Marguerite so fair.

I called her name, my voice seemed
hoarse;
Again I gazed into the flames—
The vision was gone. Ah, fates,
My Marguerite lost again.

Pan

Late the following afternoon Pan still sat before Syrinx, talking to her. The reek and ruin of the preceding night remained. The studio was dusky, and in the dim light Syrinx stood out, a living, breathing figure.

Pan did not hear light footfalls along the corridor. He did not hear the heavy door swing open, nor the rustle of skirts back of him.

Suddenly Gessa threw herself against the canvas. She was breathing hard. For fully a moment she stood with arms outstretched, staring at Pan.

"Gessa!" cried the artist in a terrible voice, "stand aside."

"No!" she gasped.

"Why have you come again?" cried Pan, in the same terrible voice.

"Why?" shrilled Gessa, with a bitter laugh. "Why? You ask why. I have come because I love you, because I shall die if I never see you again. I love you. That is why I've come. Pan! Pan!" she panted. 'Look at me, Pan. Look at me! Don't you see I love you? Why, I've been your slave for over two years. I've worked so hard for you. Why, I've been your slave. I've done everything for you, Pan. I never tired. Can't I come and pose for you? Just let me come, so that I can be near you, so that I can see you, hear your voice. That's all I ask. I don't ask you to love me. I just want to be allowed to love you." She timidly touched his long, lean, white hand, and then kissed it passionately again and again.

"Pan, Pan, be kind," she sobbed; "be kind to me. Oh, I love you so, Pan!"

Pan's dream-dimmed eyes were raised to meet the eyes of Syrinx. Gessa pressed the artist's hand fiercely to her breast and sobbed, her head bowed.

The room grew darker. Rain rattled with a sudden wind gust against the skylights and dirty windows. Gessa stifled her sobs and raised her eyes timidly to Pan's pallid, black-browed face. She saw the adoration in his uplifted eyes as he gazed enrapt at Syrinx. Gessa sprang wildly to her feet and flung her body against the painting.

"Pan," she cried, in desperate despair. "Look at me, Pan!"

Pan rose and threw her to the floor.

"Stand aside," he cried, in his terrible voice.

Gessa leaped lithely to her feet. He threw her away from him. Untamed creature that she was, she instinctively knew what would infuriate the man. With a shrill laugh, she seized from the artist's work table a small, sharp knife, used for cutting canvas. Straight toward the painting she ran, and before Pan could prevent her, Gessa slit the canvas into colored ribbons with the bright bit of shining steel.

Panting and wild-eyed, she turned and faced Pan. The artist stood like a statue, anguish graven on his white face. At last he moved uncertainly toward Gessa. He pushed his long hair up from his pointed ears. The girl, seeing them, made a hideous noise in her throat. Gessa stepped toward Pan, tearing the rose-red cloak away from her smooth, white throat.

"Kill me, Pan!" she whispered. "Kill me, Pan!"

With a snarl, Pan sprang forward, long, lean fingers crooked and stiff. They closed spasmodically about her soft, smooth throat. The maddened man bent the girl backwards and hurled her to the floor.

The little limp figure in the rose-red

cloak lay very quiet on the soft rug. The rain rattled against the window panes. The dusky darkness deepened. There was the sound of heavy, hurried breathing, and the monotonous, hollow ticking of a clock.

Hasty footsteps echoed along the corridor without. The studio door snapped open. Leips burst in, his face a white spot in the gloom. Pan slid slowly along the deeply shadowed wall without a sound. Leips advanced to the middle of the room and paused uncertainly.

"I'll wait till they come back," the boy muttered, and made for the divan, dimly discernible against the deep grey of the windows. He stumbled over something sickenly soft, lying prone on the floor, and Pan heard him catch his breath and swear a terrible oath. A flash of dazzling lightning lit the lurid darkness, and Pan saw Leips crouching low over a dark object. He slid sinuously out of the room and made for Leo's studio, two flights below.

Pan rapped on the door, pulled himself together, and entered. Leo and four of the artists who had feasted with Pan the night before rose to meet him, clamorously. Two strangers were pushed forward, and an exchange of greetings took place.

Pan drank some wine, laughed loudly and chatted, until one of the strangers cried: 'I desire to see your wonderful painting, Monsieur. May I be allowed the pleasure?"

"Allons! Allons!" they all cried. "The picture! The picture!" In a body they trooped out of the room and clattered up the steep stairs.

Pan laughingly lit the light and turned toward the canvas.

"Good God!" cried Leo. "Good God!"

A thundering roar of storm sound drowned Leo's voice, but above the deafening din Pan's terrible voice rose, hideous and fearsome.

"My picture!" he screamed. The crisp crackle of lightning lit the outside world for an instant. "My picture!" shrieked Pan, and would have sprung at Leips, who knelt on the floor with Gessa in his arms, had Leo not caught and held him.

Leips gazed dazedly at the white, horror-struck faces about him for an instant and then fell to rocking the dead girl in his arms and crooning to her. He kissed her lips, her brow, her hair—all the while crooning a weird, wordless melody, rocking her still warm, limp body back and forth. Gessa's dark head nodded grotesquely on his shoulder, her protruding, bloodshot eyes stared straight up at Pan, who stood riveted beside his slashed canvas.

Some one summoned the police. They tore Gessa from Leips's sheltering arms. He fought them like a mad man, biting and tearing with his nails.

"He is the dead girl's lover, gone mad with jealousy," said the old white-haired sculptor. "We feared this would happen. Tonight Pan was with us. We came up with him to see his picture and found this."

The police bore the sobbing Leips away.

"I did not kill my little Gessa," he moaned. "I did not kill her."

R. H. MARTIN.

Boy Scouts

To the Editor of the Caldron, High School, City:

The progress of the Boy Scouts of America has been remarkable, and the prominence of this movement will depend largely on the organization, not only nationally, but locally as well, and I would be pleased to have you publish this article, hoping thereby to interest the young men of the High School in this work. Most of the boys in your school are no doubt fully informed on this Scout movement, after having read the various articles published in our local papers and articles by noted writers in the various magazines of our country. However, I wish to tell them of this movement in as few words as possible, hoping to have a large number join our ranks.

First of all, remember, small boys are not enrolled in this organization, as they will not stick, and have a tendency to disgust the older boy. This is not a kindergarten effort. This also is needed but the Scout idea is for boys in their teens, as they grow into the idea of the community of which they are a part.

The primary object of the Boy Scouts is not military, but peace scouting and educational, character building for good citizenship. We do not, however, bar military tactics. The military virtues of obedience, neatness, order, endurance and erect, alert bearing are sceut virtues. Everything that develops boys is good scoutcraft. Our aim is to secure balanced, symmetrical activities for the patrols. Remember, the boy is four-sided; physical, mental, social and spiritual in his nature.

What Are the Boy Scouts.

They are educational; stand for good citizenship; engage in peace scouting activities. The movement is character biulding through well-defined, altruistic effort; uses every means of development: First Aid, Life Saving, Manual Training, Tracking, Signaling, Nature Study, Woodcraft, Military Tactics, etc. It is not opposed to existing organizations; is not sectarian; is not military; does not depend on drill. Scoutcraft is accomplished in games and team play, and is pleasure and not work for the boy. The only equipment it needs is the out-of-doors, a group of boys and a leader.

Where is the man who can say truthfullly that he has watched the minute hand of the clock roll on that he might reach the appointed meeting place of a number of campers to escape the pleasures of a week in the woods? Was there ever a man in his boyhood abhorred the natural pleasures of the woods, of a tramp with his companions along the dusty country roads on a hunting trip, tired as he knew he would be when at night he "turned in?" No; such men are of the past, or rather never existed.

The Fort Wayne organization of Boy Scouts of America is already laying plans for week-end excursions into the country to camp and study nature, and for a two to three weeks' outing in camp as soon as spring comes and our school vacations are on. The School Board of this city kindly donated the use of the Jefferson school gymnasium and the assembly room for the use of the Scouts, and there, on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, the boys

meet and are being prepared for their outdoor work as soon as the weather permits.

A strong local committee is in state of formation, and will consist of the most influential business and professional men in the city, besides the various agencies touching the boy life in the community.

I believe now that I have taken as much space in your paper as I dare ask to take, and I earnestly hope that the boys of your school and of other schools that this article may reach will, after reading the foregoing, decide to join the Scouts at once and lay aside the fear that some one boy may ridicule them for making the move. True, this movement brings all classes more in touch with each other, and will have a tendency to break down the existing barriers, which are only artificial after all. It teaches to give and take in the common cause, instead of being at snarls of class against class, which is snobbery, and a great danger.

The key to successful education is not so much to teach the pupil, as to get him to learn for himself.

Endurance, self-reliance, self-control and an effort to help some one else are Scout objectives.

Sincerely yours,

E. T. JACKSON,

Scoutmaster.

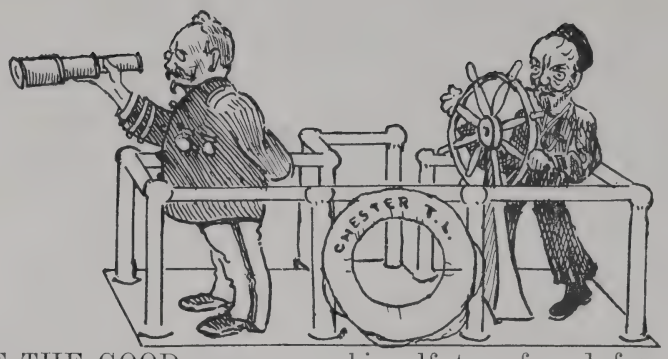
THEN IT HAPPENED!

(Our Monthly Discontinued Story.)

With a wicked chuckle deep in his little throat, Percy O'Piffle, the pride of his family (he was a "9B and Better), and terror of his teacher, wantonly wafted a cup of water over the bannister down upon the head of his hated rival, three floors below.

But alas! Just then, with his keen sense of right and wrong ever on the alert, Mr. McCormick protruded around the corner. For the space of a moment he stood and took in the awful details of the scene which lay before him, and then——.

(The End.)



THE LOG OF THE GOOD SHIP CHESTER T. L.

Being An Official Record of Her Voyage of 1910-11.

Feb. 9. In deep water once more, at the thought of which several passengers develop cases of seasickness.

Feb. 10. Several first-class passengers are disgusted with the first songfest of the new term and leave the auditorium at the request of Pilot Lane.

Feb. 10. The day being Friday, Chaplain McCormick thinks it in order to exercise his vocal chords along with the rest of the school, with the result that the passengers in cabin 18, at about four bells, enjoy (?) a prolonged discussion on the physical deformities of the members of the several classes. Many flunks in third-period recitations.

Feb. 10. Ship hits a breaker, and Eggeman bumps his head on cabin 18 hatch.

Feb. 11. Interpreter Stroeble has his hair cut, and all flags are raised, only to be lowered when it is realized that he still looks like Mate Penfield, upside down.

Feb. 11. Steerage Passenger Tolan loses her voice, and concludes that, having lost an organ so essential to her existence, it is of no use to attend school.

Feb. 13. Burns discovers that the ship's barber is not on a strike, and gets a shave, this being cheaper than a dog license.

Feb. 14. A rumor, current for some time, namely, that Second-class Passenger Worden had succeeded in getting himself transferred from Mate McMillen's classes to those of Stewardess Harrington, was confirmed to-day.

Feb. 14. Miss Pickard discharged in disgrace from saloon 23.

Feb. 14. Passenger R. Hall is slowly recovering from an operation for insubordinitis, which was performed several days ago. It was not considered necessary to stop the ship, as the operation is very simple and easily performed.

Feb. 15. Great commotion on the middle deck, when, as the result of a false alarm, the riot call was sent in. It was only a little discussion on woman suffrage in the civics class.

Feb. 16. A stowaway by the name of Giles gets his dates confused and thinks it is St. Patrick's day. It might well have been worse, but he wears them only half a day. It has been suggested that those in authority inform said miscreant, when March 17 arrives, to avoid a repetition of the disaster.

Feb. 16. A certain first-class passenger, H. Caldwell by name, spends several periods gazing out of the starboard port holes into space. (What are we to infer?)

Feb. 17. In an animated discussion in civics, Ida Rush bites three holes in her tongue, and Jones turns a complete back somersault.

Feb. 17. The only serious disturbance that has occurred on board took place several days ago. It was a personal encounter between Stoker McKay and Flue Cleaner Smith. Sad to relate, neither was dangerously injured.

M. Charcot

Monsieur Charcot, doctor and hypnotist, had had a fatiguing day, both at the hospital and at home, for his patients on this particular day had all been of the trying type, that offer great mental resistance to magnetic influence. The Frenchman effected cures by suggestive therapeutics. In the city of Paris he was of such great renown that people followed him in the streets and superstitiously pressed close enough to touch him, so that they might be healed of their diseases.

The hypnotist lay limp in a huge leather chair before the glowing grate fire in his private study. His arms were loosely folded across his breast and his face was white and tired. As he gazed into the fire his long-lidded eyes, that slanted in a slightly oriental manner, narrowed to mere slits, while his heavy black brows met in a frown.

The doctor moved uneasily. At the sound a Japanese servant slid to his side and stood waiting and expectant.

"Draw the curtains, Fu," he commanded. The servant complied with catlike quietness. Now the room was dark, save where the dull red glow from the fire crimsoned the outlines of heavy carved chairs and oriental tables and shone ruddily on M. Charcot's pallid face.

"Shall I light the lamps, Monsieur Charcot?" asked the Japanese.

"Thank you, no. You may go now."

For a long time the man sat motionless, watching the wavering fire-fingers and the changing shadows. The silence of the room was broken by the muffled chiming of a clock that came from the adjoining room. M. Charcot stirred slightly, then rose from the warm depths of his great chair and walked slowly across the thick velvet rug to the long French windows. He drew back the heavy red velvet curtains and stared out into the street at the wet, shining pavements. All Paris seemed astir out there, but the roar of street sounds did not penetrate the silence of the hypnotist's study. The man at the window knew that the passing press out there were discussing the mysterious disappearance of Florel Bernstein, a famous pianist and composer. He also knew the various theories regarding the disappearance. With a weary shrug, the Frenchman left fall the curtains, blotting out the scene of hurrying confusion. He turned in the ruddy darkness and saw with sudden surprise the slim figure of a man, and beside it his servant, Fu.

"Monsieur, be seated," requested the doctor. "Fu, the lamps, please."

The ruddy gloom became white, bright brilliance.

"Merci, bon Fu. And now, Monsieur, pardon being ushered into so dark a room. I like the warm dusk, because it is restful, and it helps to pass away the time. Pray do not be startled at my knowing you, and calling you by name, Monsieur Florel Bernstein, nor at my saying that I have expected you to come for over a week. Yet you came an entire hour earlier than I had supposed you would. You did not attempt the roundabout method you intended—that is why you are early."

The stranger stared at the hypnotist, who was regarding him keenly through his narrowed lids. All the fatigue had dropped from M. Charcot's shoulders

like a cloak, and the tense, deft doctor of science had stepped forward. In the glowing eyes of the master of subtle suggestion there was a fascinating glitter. A slight shiver passed through the stranger's body as he grasped Charcot's hand.

"Oh, have no fear, Monsier," said the doctor, in his soft, smooth voice. "That tingling sensation that is pricking its way up from your hand through your arm to your shoulder is merely a small supply of my superabundant electric force. I am fairly charged with currents."

Deftly the mesmerist drew up a chair facing that of the musician's.

"Monsieur, you are in grave trouble. That is why you come here to-night. I can help you. My treatment can cure you. Fix this fact firmly in your mind that I possess power to dispel your trouble. Give me your hands. You are nervous and distracted. You must be calmer and rid yourself of this hysteria."

The young Frenchman extended his palsied hands, palms downward. M. Charcot took them and slowly closed his fingers.

"You are growing quieter," said the doctor. "Look directly in my eyes, please. Now that you no longer fear me, and trust absolutely in me, tell me the cause of your complaint, and the complaint itself."

"Monsieur, as you know, I no longer play at the concerts."

The doctor nodded.

"It is not that I am unable to play. I can. I have stopped because I cannot play my own compositions, nor those of any other composer. An influence is over me that commands I play its music. Always, when I take my place before my piano, I am compelled to play this strange music. I summon up all my will in an attempt to play my music, but——"

The French musician shivered, and his eyes shifted slightly from their steady gaze into M. Charcot's.

"Quiet, Monsieur; go on," said the hypnotist.

"At night," continued the man, "I play to the great Parisian audience, my audience, and as I play I feel a presence press close to me, and I hear a violin playing mighty music. This I must follow with my accompaniment. Of my own accord I leave my instrument. Against my will I am forced back. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I am wakened from the soundest sleep and am compelled to play accompaniments to that violin. Good God, I shall go mad if this does not stop."

"Has any one else heard this mysterious music, Monsieur?"

"No, none. Ah, that would help me so. You see, I am so utterly alone, so apart from human aid now. My music, once the joy of my life, is now a hideous horror. I could not stand the strain, so I ran away, far out in the country, away from all human habitation. For two weeks I hid in a deserted chateaux. It was furnished. The very first night I awoke to discover myself playing the piano. My fingers were black with the dust from the unused keys. I have no rest, no peace, no power to be my own master. Oh, I am mad—mad—mad."

Suddenly the pianist's face changed. He rose from his chair, and M. Charcot rose with him.

"Help me now, for God's sake. Do you hear the violin?"

The mesmerist watched Florel Bernstein closely. He could feel his spell slipping from the musician's soul. Bernstein wrenched his hands from Charcot's, turned, and rushed from the room. The hypnotist followed through the dark

house, straight to the music room. A crashing chord was struck. Through the darkness came a brilliant harmony of rushing music. Entranced, the doctor stood silent. Wilder and wilder the mounting tone swelled, and in the minor air there was something suggestful of a violin note, muted and mysterious. Then the playing stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Florel Bernstein was sobbing like a mad man. M. Charcot flooded the room with light and crossed to the hysterical musician.

"Be quiet!" he commanded.

"I am afraid!' Afraid! Did you hear it? The violin. Did you? Oh, my God!"

Charcot led him, babbling, to the study. Here he seized his quivering hands.

"Listen to me. You want rest, peace. I am going to give it to you. Surrender to me your absolute attention. Look into my eyes. I am going to hypnotize you. And when you awake from the sound sleep I shall put you into, you will have forgotten all this, and your fear will fall from you. At dawn tomorrow you are going to wake, pick up your hat and walk from this room."

Charcot's pallid face came close to Florel's. His long-lidded eyes flared wide and flamed into the musician's.

"Your eyelids feel warm and heavy. Your body is tired. Your nerves are quiet. You have no will. You sway as you stand. Sleep overcomes you."

Florel fell forward, and M. Charcot caught him. He half dragged the inert body over to a black couch. After laying the unconscious man upon it, the mesmerist arranged the bloodless hands upon the quiet breast, smothed the crumpled coat, and finally sealed the sleeping man's lids shut by passing his pointed finger tips over them, repeating as he bent over him, his commands. Then he placed his lips close to the musician's ear.

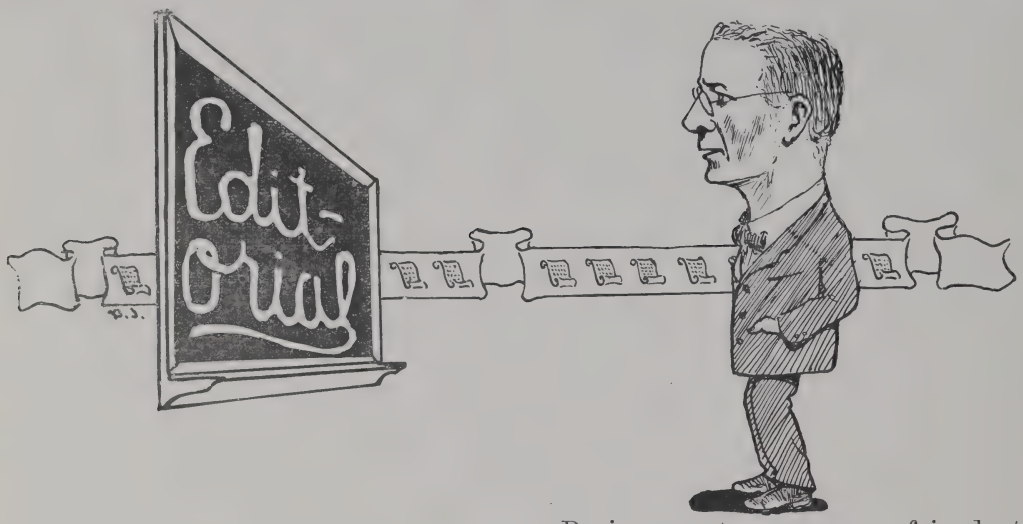
"At sunrise you wake, Florel Bernstein, free from fear, filled with fresh life, fresh strength."

The hypnotist straightened his bent back, turned toward the electric button on the wall. The lights were snapped out. M. Charcot slid sinuously into his huge leather chair, folded his arms and resumed his intent gaze at the fast-dying fire.

All night long the silent figure lay with limp hands folded on his quiet breast, stretched straight on the black, gloom-wrapped couch. Charcot never stirred. The muffled chime of the striking clock tolled away the ever passing hours. Once a log fell in the fire, and a gold shower of sparks, with the white frost of ashes, swirled upward.

When the first streak of dawn slanted through the slit between the closely drawn curtains, the silent room was filled with the sudden sound of breathing. The motionless body stretched on the couch stirred. Florel Bernstein rose slowly, stared about him, seized his hat and left the room. Charcot sat silent in the warm depths of his chair. He had fallen asleep from fatigue. Fu entered later, but seeing that his master still slept, he slipped away.

RUTH MARTIN.



THE CALDRON

Published monthly during school year by the students of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School, at Fort Wayne Ind.

Entered as second-class matter February 2, 1910, at the post office at Fort Wayne, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Begin now to urge your friends to come and hear the Wabash Glee Club. It is going to be worth the effort.

* * *

To Contributors: It would be a great boon to the members of the literary staff if you who write for us would use a little more care in preparing your manuscript. The printers require all their material to be written on one side of the sheet only, and either in ink or typewritten. The staff gives much more favorable consideration to manuscripts so written. This is only the beginning of work which you may wish to do in after-life, and now is a good time to practice its requirements.

* * *

A JOYFUL REGRET.

We have been obliged to decline considerable advertising, owing to the fact that all the space allotted to that department had been taken. We regret that we cannot accommodate all our advertisers, but we have always lived up to our standard of filling a certain number of pages with reading matter and the other interesting things for which the Caldron is noted, and we do not wish to encroach upon that space.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa.—Miss Harrington.

Ofttimes in many a History class,
Her temper overcame her;
But if we had a visitor,
Then nothing could inflame her.
—Mary K.

I am all eyes.—Miss Beebe.

He went about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour.—McCormick.

Innocents abroad (unsuspecting Freshies who roam bewildered about our corridors.

And he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose in the snow.
—Mr. Ward as the 'last leaf,'' according to ''my grandmamma's'' description

---

What is that spot of red I see
Dancing along right merrily,
Morning, noon and night? Tee! Hee!
Down Clinton street.
Unaccompanied? No, not she,
For one in black (who can it be?)
Why, that's just my Polly and me,''
Down Clinton street.

Mea carissima Dorthea
Puella meorum somnorum
Nisi tu eris mihi,
Plenus ero dolorum.
C. WORDEN.

Miss Kolb is even older than we thought her. She admitted that she tried at Cain's birth to prove that there was government in the family.

Mr. McMillen says that for years men who have long hair have been counted strong. Wherein does Beno's weakness lie?

United we stand, divided we fall.—Charlie and Dorothy.

Virtue is its own reward.—Ina Shordon.

(To be sung to the tune of Sweet Adeline.'')
O, Caroline, sweet Caroline,
'Tis all the while for you I'll shine;
I'll burn the midnight oil and gas—
Next day you'll see results in class.
—Signed, Sperry Enthusiasts.

Probably Mr. McMillen would like for good old St. Patrick to come back and kill the snakes from Tenedos.

Fort Wayne has had the pleasure of hearing the Wabash Glee Club on several previous occasions, and it will, no doubt, receive the announcement of its return engagement at the High School Auditorium on April 4 with equal joy. A large attendance is specially desired, as the recital is given under the auspices of the Senior class.

———

A number of parties were given in honor of Miss Jeanette Nelson, of Peoria, Ill., who was visiting her sister, Mrs. Cressler.

———

On Saturday, January 21, Qui Vives enjoyed a theatre party at the Temple, and later a spread at the home of Miss Mildred Wagenhals.

———

The Friars gave one of their most enjoyable dances at the Minuet on February 9.

———

The H. A. Club held a meeting February 11 at the home of the Misses Helen and Marie Travis.

———

Messrs. Ewing Bond and Maurice Lohman returned from Michigan and Marshall McKay from Wabash to spend mid-year's at the homes of their parents.

Exchanges

Retina, Toledo, O.—The literary ability that you have is wonderful. Your cuts are just as worthy of praise.

Review, Shamokin, Penn.—Why not make some changes in your cuts?

Budget, Berne, Ind.—You are making a good start. Don't forget that good arrangement makes the attractive paper.

Whims.—One of our best exchanges. Your cover is very neat this month, but where are your jokes? Only one page is not like your paper.

The stranger in the hotel plunged down his bag.

"wanter room," said he.

"No. 37!" rapped the clerk. "Second floor."

"Is it a good room?" asked the stranger.

"Excellent! The boy will show you the way," replied the clerk.

The stranger took up his bag. "Oh, I say, what's the eatin' hours in this hotel?"

"Breakfast," answered the clerk, "7 to 11; lunch, 11 to 3; dinner, 3 to 8; supper, 8 to 12."

The stranger dropped his bag again. "Great Jerusalem!" he exclaimed, "when am I going to git time to see the town?"

Alice had just refused to marry a young lawyer.

"Is this," the lawyer asked, final?"

"Absolutely final," said the girl.

"Then," he said, "there is but one thing to ask. Do you desire me to return those black satin suspenders by mail, or will you have them now?"

Chronicle.—Pleased to meet you. Your exchange jokes are very good, but your criticisms are conspicuous by their absence. Come again.

High School Register.—Your paper is always welcome, with its abundance of excellent jokes, both original and exchange, and its good stories.

Mother—"But what did you do with the penny I gave you yesterday?"

Tommy—"I spent it, mother. A fellar has to hold up his end with the rest of the boys."

George (to fish dealer)—"Throw me a couple of those bass, will you?"

Fish Dealer—"Throw them?"

George—"Yes. Then I can tell Martha I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

A Chinese laundryman in Oakland, Cal., recently had his troubles with a watch that habitually lost time. So he took the timepiece to the nearest watchmaker.

"Watchee no good to Charlie Lee," said he briefly, pushing it across the counter. "You fixee him, eh?"

"Certainly," said the watchmaker. "What seems to be the trouble with it?"

"Oh, him too much by 'n' by," said Charlie Lee.

Student of Astronomy—"I have discovered a new star, Professor."

Professor—"What's she playing in, my boy?"

Teacher—"Jimmy, you look very pale this morning. Are you ill?"

Jimmy—"No, ma'am. Ma washed my face this morning herself."

Ottawan.—Smiles. Yes? No? is a very interesting department. A few more cuts would help your paper wonderfully.

Pennant, Meriden, Conn.—Glad to see the new cuts in your paper. It improves it very much.

The story is told of a professing church member who, while regular in his attendance, was a scant contributor. When a new fence was needed around the graveyard he was approached by the vestry for a donation. "I don't think a fence is necessary," said he. "Them as is in there can't get out, and them as is outside don't want to get in, so I guess I'll not subscribe."

"John, your parrot doesn't talk any more since we got married."

"I changed the parrot when we got married, my dear."

A man hurried into a quick lunch restaurant recently and called to the waiter:

"Give me a ham sandwich."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, reaching for the sandwich. "Will you eat it or take it with you?"

The man grabbed the sandwich. "Both," said he.

The professor of the class in English History was telling his young men of the impressionable age about the Elizabethian era, when suddenly, turning to one of the young men who seemed to be in a dream, he said:

"How old was Elizabeth?"

"Eighteen, last birthday," came the instant reply.

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller.

"Well," said the little brother, "she'd be a sight if she came down without making it."

An artist who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church at Belgium rendered a bill for $67.30 for his services. The church wardens, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

For correcting the ten commandments	$ 5.12
For renewing heaven and adjusting the stars	7.14
For touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls	3.06
For brightening up the flames of hell, putting a new tail on the devil and doing odd jobs for the damned	7.17
For mending shirt of the prodigal son	3.39
For putting new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster	2.20
For repluming and regilding left wing of the guardian angel	5.18
For taking the spots off of Tobias.	14.30
For putting earrings in Sarah's ears	10.26
For decorating Noah's ark	9.48
Total	$67.30

The schoolmaster was calling on an indignant mothee.

"For my part," gabbled the good woman, "I can't deceive what on earth eddification is comin' to! When I was young, if a gal only understood the elimens of distraction, provision, replenishing, an' the common dominator, an' know all about the rivers an' their obituaries, the currents, an' the dormitories, the provinces an' umpires, they had eddification enough!"

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Johnny—"Yes, mum. Two out and the bases full."

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Miss Smeltzley—"What is 'The Book of the Dead?'"

R. Bauer—"It tells where dead men go."

Mr. Ward—"What would you call a delta?"

Student—"Anything laid down in the water."

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M. Giles—"Shall I read that in German?"

Mr. Von K.—"Yes. I haven't heard anything funny for some time."

"Did you read 'The Skyscraper?'"

"No."

"You ought to. There are eighteen good stories in it."

Two old Germans, who knew nothing of French, were bidding each other farewell.

"Au reservoir," said the first.

"Tanks," replied the second.

John Hindmarch (in 10B History)—"Who was the first man in history?"

Miss Kolb—"Adam. You can't fool me on that."

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A young lady, who taught a Sunday school class of small boys, desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says: 'Go slow with the butter, kids; it's 40 cents a pound.''

Coming! Wabash Glee Club, April 4th. Tickets 25 cents.

———

"See here, sir," said the irate neighbor, "your dog ate up seven of my chickens last night. What are you going to do about it?"

"Well," replied the owner of the hungry dog, "I'm a peaceful man, and if it don't make the dog sick, I won't do anything about it."

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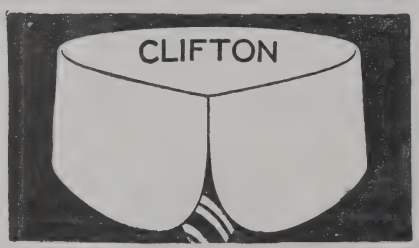

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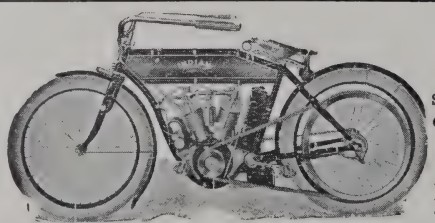
"Here's where I lose ground," said the tramp, as he slid into the bath tub.



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Ned Cook—"Foot shoulder."

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